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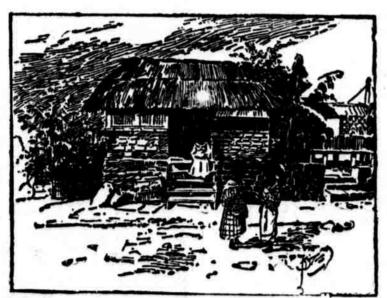
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A Native House in the Ladrone Islands.

chair from the table. He had finished a good breakfast and was disposed to be "Well. Martha, what is it?"

The girl was standing in the door way, waiting to be addressed.

"If you please, sir, there's a child wants to see you. "Didn't you tell her to call during

office hours?" "Yes, sir.

"Well?" "She wouldn't go away, sir."

"Is she at the door now?" "No. sir: she crowded past me into your private office.



caller Then he stepped to the window and drew up the shade.

She was a little girl, a very little girl, with a little, weazened face and little black eyes that snapped and twin- tle courtesy. kled. A shabby brown straw hat crowned her black curls, and her frock was cried. "Goodby. shabby, too, and her shoes and stockwere shabby indeed. Over her shoulders was a small black shawl, and with the ends that hung down across her breast her brown fingers constantly

The surgeon looked down at her. She was such a little mite, perched upon the extreme edge of the biggest chair in the room, with her shabby little & Somehow he didn't say the sharp words he intended saying.

In fact, all he said was, "Well?"
"Be you de doctor?" The child's roice was a little hoarse and a little old

for her years. The surgeon nodded. Then that girl of yourn is a fibber. She says, 'You can't see him.' An I says, 'I will.' An then I gives her a push an runs straight by her, an here I am, an here you be." And she laughs

"Well, well," said the surgeon, repressing an inclination to smile, "now that you are here, what can I do for

The child straightened her face.
"Tain't for me," she said quickly 'I wouldn't come here nobow for myself. Your prices is too high. Districk physickers is good enough for poor folks like me. Besides, Miss Flaherty, she's de lady I boards wit', says. 'Oh, how you do love to knife 'em!'

Perhaps the great surgeon winced

"Go." he said. "My time is valu "Mine ain't," said the child com-

placently. "But what I comes here fer "And who is Petie?"

"He's me big brudder, who's goin on 16. He got hurted by a motor las' Tuesday, an you got him in de horspi-tal, ward 2. fort' bed from de door." The surgeon took out a memorandum

"Yes." he said: "Peter Mullen, ribs proken, spine hurt. I remember the What about him?'

boy What about him?
"Didn't he say nothin about Mamie?" Dat's me. You see, it's de fust time Petie an me has been sap'rated since mudder died." She passed the fringed end of the shawl quickly across her "There, it's all right Boys will get hurt. What I wants to say is this At 'leven o clock youse is going to operate on Petie. He tole me so hisself. He was lyin quiet, an the young doctors thought he was asleep. An dey says it was a mos interestin case an scarce, an dat you was bonn to try de knife on it. An dey said dat wid good nursin Petie would git well in de natch ral way, but in de intrust of science—dat's what dey said—you was goin to take de chances wid de knife. an den dey said dere wasn't one chance n 20 of de boy's livin through it. See ?'

The surgeon's face grew dark.
"Well, what of it?" he asked almos

"Don't git mad," said the child "I'm just givin it to you straight You see, it's like dis: I can't spare Petie nohow. He's all I've got. I ain't strong meself, an Petie looks after me like a mudder He's an awful smart boy He selis papers an runs errands an holds horses. He kin do mos' anything An what I want to say is dat if science needs a kid to cut why not take me an "What's that?" cried the surgeon

charply "There you go, gittin mad ag'in,"

cried the child "I know what you is say You'll say my case ain't no inter estin one like Petie's But how do you know till you look?"

"What's the matter with you?" growled the surgeon

The child stood up One of her shoul ders drooped, and she was bent like an

aged woman. "It's me back," she explained.
"Come here," said the surgeon.
The child shuddered.

"You ain't got no knife nor nothin?" "No." said the surgeon, and he re-

peated more gently, "Come here."

Then he took her on his knee, unfastened her dress and ran his hand along her spine, kneading it carefully here and there. As the examination proceeded his eyes sparkled and he breathed hard.

"When did this happen?" he asked. "T'ree year ago." replied the child; "runaway hose.

"Anything ever done for it?" "Petie took me to a man that puts frons on me, but dey hurted so dreadful

fat Petie trun 'em away. The great surgeon scowled at the girl Then he rose quickly and passed from the room and across the hall into He smiled down at her as he helped refasten the dress "Science accepts the exchange." he gayly added.

"An Petie?"
"Petie will be taken care of until be gets well," said the surgeon "Go and see him today I shall want you tomor-

The child shuddered slightly 'Wh-what for?" she tremulously

"Don't you worry," said the surgeon "That Mrs. Flaherty of yours was a little harsh Anyway there'll be no knife for you. Be here at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. I want a wise man to see you. Then you will go to a nice place, where children who are not strong are sent. and. please God, if all goes well, we will fit you out with a straight new

"But Petie an me ain't got no money!" gasped the child.

"Science, who has just made a barfor a moment be couldn't discern his gain with you, will have to look out caller. Then he stepped to the window for that herself." laughed the surgeon.

"Anyway you needn't worry."

The child looked up at him with shining eyes and made an awkward lit-

"You-you're a splendid man!" she "Goodby," said the surgeon. - Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Acquired Grace.



"How gracefully she handles a fan." "Yes. She used to keep the files off the tables in her father's dairy lunch."



"Keep your eye on that cove, Bill; he's forming a company to wash miners and pan out the results of the baths."-Pick Me Up.

A Plot That Failed.



"If I lurk near this tuffet." the spider observed

For I'll trighten Miss Muffet away!" But Miss M., as it bappened, was right at the



0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0 MENU FOR SATURDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit.

Tripe a la Lyonnaise.

Fried Sweet Potatonis. Fried Apples.

Coffee. Toast. Marmalade.

LUNCHEON,
Breaded Lambs' Fries.
Orange Fritters.
Brown Bread and Butter. Tes.

DINNER Consumme.
Celery. Olives. Pickles. Crimson Salad.
Spanish Onlons. Stuffed Tomatoes.
Cherry Tart. Cheese. Coffee.

CRIMSON SALAD.—Chop five red can bages and hold in reserve, red beets and two parts of cool potatoes boiled expressly and peeled warm (not hot) and silced thin ly. Make a plate salad dressing; pour it on. Let the salad stand till colored evenly, then garnish green.

MENU POR SUNDAY.

Homeliness is the best guardian of a young girl's virtue.—Mme. de Genlis.

DREAKFAST. Stewed Figs.
Coeffish Cakes, Tomato Sauca,
Celery Salgd. Bacon.
Fortators au Gratin. Waffics.
Coffee. Marmalade. Toast.

DINNER.
Poive of Green Peas.
Olives. Anchovy Canapea. Celery.
Ham a la Parisian. Rosat Goose.
Garnish of Carrots. Turnips.
Lettuce Salast. Crisp Bacon.
Bavarian Cream. Fruit. Coffee.

ROAST GOOSE.—Instead of preparing apple sauce separately for roast goese take a suitable number of pippins or other sweet apples, pare then, remove the core and cut the apples in quarters. Stuff your goose with them before putting into the fire. They will import their flavor to the bird. A couple ounces of Suitanas sprinkled among the apples will improve the taste, or the apples may be half roasted before they are put in the goose.

one desertapoonful of dried herbs, pepper and salt. Make a forcement of the above in-gredients, blending with the beaten egg., then roll into little balls and fry in butter till brown. A few fried croutons can be added with advantage to this soop; also a little worrestershire sauce is considered an improvement.

MENU FOR MONDAY.

There are no more thorough prudes than bese who have some secret to hide.—

BREAKPAST.
Fruit.
Kidney Omelet. Bacon.
Potates, Creamed. Fried Bread.
Baked Apples. Rolls. Coffee. LUNCHION.

DINNER. Potato Soup.

Pai and Ham Pie.

Brussels Strongs. Escaloped Potatoes.
Lemon Pie. Coffee.

LEMON PIE.—One and a half lemons, scant cup sugar, beaping tablespoonful flour, butter the size of a large egg, one whole egg and yolks of two, one cup warm water: mix the flour with the sugar and then mix the lemon juice and water with flour and sugar; beat the two yolks and the whole egg well and stir in with mixture. Cook in a farina pan until If becomes a thick cream, then add the butter and stir till butter is melted. Put in a cool place, and when cold make a rich pie paste and place the paste in a quick oven to bake, then beat the whites of the eggs, adding powdered sugar for frosting. When the party is cold, put in the cream and spread the whites of the eggs over the ple and brown lightly in an oven.

MENU FOR TUESDAY.

BREAKPAST. Fruit.
Bolled Rice.
Fried Smelts, Tomato Sauce. Fried Poteto
Toast. Coffee.

LUNCHEON. Tomato Pickles.

DINNER. Jardiniere Soup.
Yeal Cutlets a la Zingara.
Tomato Pickles. Spinach Egg. Mashed Potato.
Velvet Sponge Cake. Coffee.

Velvet Sponge Cake. Coffee.

CHERSE PONDU.—A pint bowl full of minced cheese, which should not be of a rich kind; the same quantity of bread crumbs, two well heaten ages, half a nutmey, teaspoonful of sait. Heat a pint of milk boiling hot said in it a large table spoonful of butter; pour the boiling milk over the other ingredients and mix well, cover the bowl with a plate and set it back on the range for three or four hours to dissolve, stirring occasionally and being careful it does not cook. Half an hour before supper butter a nice pie plate and pour into it the mixture; set it in a quick oven and brown, sending it to table very hot. This deponds for its success on being cutte smooth and the cheese all dissolved.

MENU FOR WEDNESDAY.

The more hidden the venom the merous it is.—Marguerite de Valois.

BREAKFAST. Fruit.
Brofled Ham. Poached Eggs.
Creamed Potatoes.
Cally Lunn. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Cold Tongue. Stuffed Peppers.
Sandwiches. Tea. Cheese.

DINNER.

Oream of Rice Soup.
Celery. Olives. Peach Pickle.
Pigeons a is Maintenon.
Garnish of Celery a la Creme.
Lettuce Selad.
Apple Pie. Cheese.

EGGS BROUILLE.—Six eggs, half a cepful of milk or, better still, of cream, two
mushrooms, one teaspoonful of sait, a little
pepper, three tablespoonfuls of butter. Cost
the mushrooms into dice and fry them for
one minute in one tablespoonful of butter.
Beat the eggs, sait, pepper and cream begether and put them in a saucepan. Adthe butter and mushrooms to these ingredients. Sitr over until the mixture begins to
thickes. Take from the fire and beat rapidly until the eggs become quite thick and
creamy. Have silices of teast on a hot disk.
Heap the mixture on the toast and servimmediately.

immediately.

STUPPED PEPPERS.—Stuffed green swee
peppers or tomatoes constitute a good lunch
con viand. All may be stuffed with eithe
bread crumbs, forced meat or celery.